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and therefore, more of the elements of true poetry, as well as of true happiness, than can be found elsewhere. Let us see how this theory is reduced to practice by Mr. Hetherington. The first of the Dramatic Sketches is entitled Bessy Bell and Mary Gray. These two young ladies were both very handsome, and were most attached friends; while the former was on a visit to the latter, the plague broke out in the year 1666, in order to avoid which they built themselves a bower about three quarters of a mile west from Lynedoch, in a very retired and romantic place, called Burnbraes, on the side of Brauchie-burn. Here they lived for some time; but the plague raging with great fury, they caught the infection, it is said, from a young gentleman who was in love with them both, and here they died. Their burial place is about half a mile from the present house of Lynedoch, whence the Old Song:—

"Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonnie lasses;
They bigget a bower on yurn burn brae,
And theeket it owre wi' rashes."

In a scene in a sweetly-wooded glen, on the banka of Brauchie-Burn, near their bower, Drummond, the lover, is introduced, conversing with the two young ladies on a still summer evening; he professes himself a lover of the romantic, and he is asked what he means by this romance of which he is so ardent an admirer; what follows is a part of his reply:—

"Suppose a youth
Of strong soul, uncorrupted mind, high heart,
And feelings, like the universal air,
Embracing all things! See him when the Morn,
Blushing in her own conscious beauty, comes,
Like a fair bride, to meet her lord, proud Noon;
A holy rapture rises in his breast,
And glows along each nerve, till his whole frame
Feels like a flower expanding in the sun!
This is romantic!—be it so!—If, then,
He scarce can bear to brush the diamond dew
From the green grass, and picks his wary steps
Lest he should crush the wild-flower, could he bear,
In deed, or word, or thought, to do foul wrong
To man, his mortal brother? When the sun
Rides high in the mid-heaven, in some deep glen,
Where rocks project, and mossy caverns yawn,
Through tangling brushwood all alone he strays,
Listening the howlings of the rippling brook,
Mix'd with the intermittent song of birds
Hid in their shady covert; o'er his mind
Light falls the veily calm of purest peace,—
(Peace with his own soul and with all the world,)—
And love, even to its least existencies;
Sweet singing birds, trees with their bloomy
boughs,

And that fair populace, by Nature's hand
In lavish charms array'd, the flow'ry tribe;
Till his heart heaves involuntary sighs
Of gratitude to that benignant Power
That placed him in a world so beautiful.
This, too, is all romantic!—be it so!
Can he whose bosom pants with the excess
Of all-refining sensibilities,
Can he stoop from the lofty eminence
Of friendship with the universal Mother,
Cramp all his finer feelings, and imprison
His soul in that dark dungeon Self, for all
The little paltry gains that wordlings toil for?—
Or see him when the humid hand of Even
Casts wide her shadowy mantle o'er the plain,
Drawing its folds gradually up the hills,
As day's departing lustre fades away,
And dew, soft as an infant's evening prayer
When by her tender mother's side she kneels,
Fill all the air with sense of gentler life,
Even till a sympathetic moisture floats
Over the silent wanderer's pensive eye!
And as the night comes on, and star by star
Enkindles its eternal lamp on high,
Beseeching the heavenward traveller to the home
Of everlasting peace, and bliss, and love:
Oh! how the world, and all its mean pursuits,
Its empty pleasures, and debasing passions,
Sink into utter insignificance,
Till the enlarged soul spurns earthly ties,
And with seraphic ardour re-asserts
Its heavenly birth, and glorious destiny!
Even this is term'd romantic!—poor despite
That grovelling minds display, scoffing in vain
At pure and rapturous delights, far, far
Beyond their feeble comprehension! Go,
Ye poor despisers of mysterious nature,
And hide your littleness! Go, drudge and moi!

For veriest trash! Go, herd among the crowd
Of Mammon's slaves! Let not your steps be found
Insulting the majestic solitudes,
Where uncontaminated minds yet hold
Lofty and solemn converse—through the love,
The beauty, and the grandeur which pervade
And o'er-inform the universe—with Him
The omnipotent, all-merciful Creator!"

Again, when Bessy Bell feels that the pestilence that walketh in darkness hath struck her with its baneful influence, and discloses her apprehensions to her friend, the following dialogue ensues:—

M. Gray. Nay, say not so!
Come with me now, and walk a little space—
The fresh air will revive you.

B. Bell. Never, Mary!
The fresh, free air, the flowers upon the fields,
The song of birds, the music of clear brooks,
The mighty voice of winds, the boundless cope
Of the blue sky, the glorious light of day,
No more can kindle up the ecstatic fires
Of fervency, and hope, and love in me,
As they were wont, till the strong rapture cast
The sense of sickness from my languid frame—
The hand of death is on me.

M. Gray. Droop not yet!
One effort more, and you may yet throw off
This fit of faintness.

B. Bell. Mary, lay me down,
And place my head that I may see the light,
And feast my dying eyes, while they wax dim,
With a few glimpses more of lovely Nature.
Now I am easier! thank you, my sweet friend;
And leave me for a little!—there are thoughts
And communings between the soul and Him
Who gave it and re-creates, that have their course
Freest in utter solitude. Meanwhile
The open air will do you good.

(While Mary retires to another part of the cottage,
out of her sight, she remains for a while in silent
prayer, then slowly opens her eyes, and endeavours
to look around.)

How weak,
How very weak I am! Sure death is near.
Oh! little do they know of death, who crowd
Thousands of gloomy, dreadful images,
All ghastly and abhorrent, into one
Dark form, and call the fearful phantom Death!
It is a messenger from Heaven, and bound
Upon an errand of eternal peace.
Even now, methinks I faintly hear its call,
Like the uncertain sound of distant music.
I come, I come! Farewell, sweet Mary Gray.

M. Gray. Not yet! not yet! Oh! stay a little
while,
And take me with you!

B. Bell. What! return'd again?
My kind attentive nurse! Methinks 'tis dark:—
Tell me, is the sky curtain'd with deep clouds?

M. Gray. There's not a cloud in all the sunny
dome,

And not a breath to stir the quivering leaf
Of the light aspen; all creation sleeps
In smiling, blissful, sabbath-like repose.

B. Bell. 'Tis strange! I've often thought that I
could wish
To die on such a day as you describe;
And now Heaven grants my prayer: Come nearer,
And let me look once more on that dear face
Ere mine eyes close for ever: let me feel
Thy hand.—Alas! it trembles and it burns!
And thou hast sacrificed thy life for me!
And who will tend thy death-bed? Oh, this is
Indeed the bitterness of death!

M. Gray. Oh! calm
Thy mind. Let no regretful thoughts of me
Shake thy life's ebbing sands. All will be well.
I'm not ill yet; and if I should be so,
'Tis from the infection in the general air,
And not from tending you that I have caught it.
Why do you shrink and shudder so?

B. Bell. I see
You sick and comfortless:—no tender hand
To smooth your pillow, to support your head,
To moisten your parch'd lips! Oh! how my soul
Shudders with grief and horror at the scene!

M. Gray. Where is your trust in Providence?
Can you—

You, whose calm hopes have ever been reposed
Immovably on Him who can support,—
Can you permit dependence to seize
Your soul in such a moment? Think on Him,
And on his gracious word!

B. Bell. Thank you, dear friend!
Dearest, if possible, than ever now.
My hopes are all restored; and I can leave
Both your fate and my own to Him who knows
Our wants, and will supply them."

We shall only add part of the first scene of
the Snow Storm, the last of the sketches in
the volume:—

The Moor. (Advanced Winter.)

WILLIE and CHARLIE.

Will. Charlie! Where are ye, Charlie? Rest a
bit!

I cannot move another step!
Charlie. Cheer up!
We'll soon be through the deepest wreath, and then
The worst is past.

Will. Where are we? Not a foot
Of the wild waste is like itself; the hills
Are scop'd and rounded into thousand shapes
They never were before; the very streams
Are buried fifty fathoms deep; the glens
Smooth'd up by the white ruin. Lost, oh lost!

Charlie. Come, come, you must not thus despond;
The wind may soon abate.

Will. It may; but long ere then
We shall have ceased to feel it.

Charlie. (Aside.) (How his face
Is changed! His strength and self-command are
gone.)

Unless I can awake his heart, I fear
All's over with him! This will never do!
To yield ere we have well begun! Will this
Find and secure our flocks?

Will. Our flocks! Ay—yes—
Flocks, said ye?—the gudeman—they're buried deep,
Four things!

Charlie. Poor things, indeed! Where are they now?
(No, no, this will not do! He minds me not!
I'll touch another chord.) How did you leave
Your poor sick child this morning? And your wife,
Is she well?

Will. Child!—Ay, that's my Fanny! O!
The patient little sufferer! Yes, she will—
She will recover! Death will never crop
My little moorland flow'et in its bud!
Lucy's strong prayers will mount before the throne,
And bring down health and bliss! Shall we go on
And seek our flocks?

Do you feel strong again?

Will. Rest! No, let us move on! Alas! I feel
Weak, very weak! Here must I stay and die!

Charlie. But did your little Fanny seem indeed
Better this morning?

Will. Fanny! My dear child!
Yes, she is better! While my Lucy sought
My plaid, I knelt beside her bed, and gazed
On the sweet infant's face. Her brow was calm,—
Pale, but quite calm; her eyes were closed; but life
Shone fresh through their transparent coverings;
Her cheek was peaceful, and her gentle breath
Raised her fair bosom mildly, healthfully.
No pain disturbing her soft sleep.—I touch'd
With lightest kiss her silent lip, and thank'd
The gracious Being, who alone can give
Respite to suffering mortals! Shall we yet
Meet, and together praise him? O! no, no!
My limbs are powerless, and my heart is sick!
Charlie, what can we do?

Charlie. Trust in that voice
That stills the tempest!—in that mighty hand
That snatch'd his doubting follower from the wave!
And strong in him go forth, surmounting all
Our present dangers!

Will. Yes, in Him I trust
For future bliss, but not for longer life.
For I bethink me now, that yesterday,
About this very hour,—my soul had been
Sad for my Fanny's illness,—while I sat
And eyed the fair horizon's verge, where glared
The weather-glean, and loom'd the coming storm,
Sudden a trance of rapture fill'd my breast—
A passion of ethereal bliss!—My soul
Seem'd born into a new existence!—All
Was one wild whirl of speechless ecstasy.
'Twas a foretaste of death! And see! see! see!
Look there! my Fanny! O! thou angel-form,
Take, take me with thee! Lay thy holy hand
Upon my brow, and shade these burning glories!—
I come, I come!

(Staggering forward, and falls dying.)

In conclusion, we can honestly recommend
the perusal of this volume to the admirers of
pure and simple pastoral poetry.

Adventures in the Rifle Brigade, in the Penin-
sula, France, and the Netherlands; from 1809
to 1815. By Captain J. Kincaid.—London,
J. and W. Boone.

THIS is a book which sets literary criticism
altogether at defiance, both virtually and in
terms. The author powders along in a helter-
skelter, scatter-brained way, with his rifle in
one hand, and a pen in the other, with which
latter he jots down his observations just in the
order and phraseology he might be supposed to
utter them, vivâ voce, to a brother officer as
wild as himself. The result is, a personal nar-

rative of the writer, his adventures and feelings, sayings and doings, from the Peninsular campaign of 1810, to the battle of Waterloo, so exceedingly graphic and lively, though trifling, abrupt and odd, as to make us feel as if we had read the writer's private letters to some intimate friend at home, who had let us completely into the confidence of the dashing young rifleman. But our readers must judge by sample, for, as we have said, a formal review would be ridiculous; on reaching Figuera, the captain thus inditeth:

"Our men were lodged for the night in a large barn, and the officers billeted in town. Mine chanced to be on the house of a mad-woman, whose extraordinary appearance I never shall forget. Her petticoats scarcely reached to the knee, and all above the lower part of the bosom was bare; and though she looked to be not more than middle aged, her skin seemed as if it had been regularly prepared to receive the impression of her last will and testament; her head was defended by a *chevaux-de-frise* of black wiry hair, which pointed fiercely in every direction, while her eyes looked like two burnt holes in a blanket. I had no sooner opened the door than she stuck her arms a-kimbo, and, opening a mouth, which stretched from ear to ear, she began vociferating '*bravo, bravissimo!*'"

"Being a stranger alike to the appearance and the manners of the natives, I thought it possible that the former might have been nothing out of the common run; and concluding that she was overjoyed at seeing her country re-enforced, at that perilous moment, by a fellow upwards of six feet high, and thinking it necessary to sympathize in some degree in her patriotic feelings, I began to '*bravo*' too; but as her second shout ascended ten degrees, and kept increasing in that ratio, until it amounted to absolute frenzy, I faced to the right-about, and, before our *tête-à-tête* had lasted the brief space of three quarters of a minute, I disappeared with all possible haste, her terrific yells vibrating in my astonished ears long after I had turned the corner of the street; nor did I feel perfectly at ease until I found myself stretched on a bundle of straw in a corner of the barn occupied by the men.

"We proceeded, next morning, to join the army; and, as our route lay through the city of Coimbra, we came to the magnanimous resolution of providing ourselves with all manner of comforts and equipments for the campaign on our arrival there; but, when we entered it, at the end of the second day, our disappointment was quite eclipsed by astonishment at finding ourselves the only living things in a city, which ought to have been furnished with twenty thousand souls.

"Lord Wellington was then in the course of his retreat from the frontiers of Spain to the lines of Torres Vedras, and had compelled the inhabitants on the line of march to abandon their homes, and to destroy or carry away every thing that could be of service to the enemy. It was a measure that ultimately saved their country, though ruinous and distressing to those concerned, and on no class of individuals did it bear harder, for the moment, than our own little detachment, a company of rosy-cheeked, chubby youths, who, after three months feeding on ship's dumplings, were thus thrust, at a moment of extreme activity, in the face of an advancing foe, supported by a pound of raw beef, drawn every day fresh from the bullock, and a mouldy biscuit.

"The difficulties we encountered were nothing out of the usual course of old campaigners; but, untrained and unprovided as I was, I still looked back upon the twelve or fourteen days following the battle of Busaco as the most trying I have ever experienced, for we were on our legs from day-light until dark, in daily contact with the enemy; and, to satisfy the stomach of an ostrich, I had, as already stated, only a pound of beef, a pound of biscuit, and one glass of rum. A brother-officer was kind enough to strap my boat-cloak and portmanteau on the mule carrying his heavy baggage, which, on account of the proximity of the foe, was never permitted to be within a day's march of us—so that, in addition to my simple uniform, my only covering every night was the canopy of heaven, from whence the dews descended so refreshingly, that I generally awoke, at the end of an hour, chilled, and wet to the skin; and I could only purchase an equal length of additional repose by jumping up and running about, until I acquired a sleeping quantity of warmth. Nothing in life can be more ridiculous than seeing a lean, lank fellow, start from a profound sleep, at midnight, and begin lashing away at the highland fling, as if St. Andrew himself had been playing the bagpipes; but it was a measure that I very often had recourse to, as the cleverest method of producing heat. In short, though the prudent general may preach the propriety of light baggage in the enemy's presence, I will ever maintain that there is marvellous small personal comfort in travelling so fast and so lightly as I did.

"The Portuguese farmers will tell you that the beauty of their climate consists in their crops receiving from the nightly dews the refreshing influence of a summer's shower, and that they ripen in the daily sun. But *they* are a sordid set of rascals! Whereas I speak with the enlightened views of a man of war, and say, that it is poor consolation to me, after having been deprived of my needful repose, and kept all night in a fever, dancing wet and cold, to be told that I shall be warm enough in the morning!—it is like frying a person after he has been boiled; and I insisted upon it, that if their sun had been milder and their dews lighter, that I should have found it much more pleasant."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

"From the moment that I joined the army, so intense was my desire to get a look at this illustrious chief, that I never should have forgiven the Frenchman that had killed me before I effected it. My curiosity did not remain long ungratified; for, as our post was next the enemy, I found, when any thing was to be done, that it was his also. He was just such a man as I had figured in my mind's eye, and I thought that the stranger would betray a grievous want of penetration who could not select the Duke of Wellington from amid five hundred in the same uniform.

"Having now brought myself regularly into the field, under the renowned Wellington, should this narrative, by any accident, fall into the hands of others who served there, and who may be unreasonable enough to expect their names to be mentioned in it, let me tell them that they are most confoundedly mistaken! Every man may write a book for himself, if he likes, but *this* is mine; and, as I borrow no man's story, neither will I give any man a particle of credit for his deeds, as I have got so little for my own that I have none to spare.

Neither will I mention any regiment but my own, if I can possibly avoid it—for there is none other that I like so much, and none else so much deserves it; for we were the light regiment of the light division, and fired the first and last shot in almost every battle, siege, and skirmish, in which the army was engaged during the war.

"In stating the foregoing resolution, however, with regard to regiments, I beg to be understood as identifying our old and gallant associates, the forty-third and fifty-second, as a part of ourselves, for they bore their share in every thing, and I love them as I hope to do my better half, (when I come to be divided,) wherever *we* were, *they* mere; and although the nature of our arm generally gave us more employment in the way of skirmishing, yet, whenever it came to a pinch, independent of a suitable mixture of them among us, we had only to look behind to see a line, in which we might place a degree of confidence, almost equal to our hopes in heaven; nor were we ever disappointed. There never was a corps of riflemen in the hands of such supporters!"

With the same easy air of modest assurance, our worthy man-of-war scatters along through merry and moving accidents by flood and field, and never cracks cry, till he hopes his readers have been well entertained, and shuts the book after the battle of Waterloo. Surely Cicero would never have been fool enough to cry *cedant arma togæ*, had he lived in our more happy days, and seen the brilliant literary productions of even our second-rate sons of Mars; for our Napiers and Londonderrys hawk at, and strike down, a higher quarry.

We remember, though possibly our readers do not, a singularly brilliant poem on the Battle of Waterloo, also produced by the commander of a troop, a certain Captain Hardman, we think of the 10th Royal Hussars. Some few lines of the exordium of this exquisite effusion, made so deep and lasting an impression on our heart, that, though years have since rolled by, they still live in our memory, and we cannot resist the opportunity of affording our readers the pleasure of a specimen:

"To-morrow morning, by break of day,
An orderly dragoon did come this way;
Holla, holla! he cried, do you hear,
Is Captain Hardman quartered here?
He again cried out by words so strong,
Holla holla there! I am not wrong;
Is Adjutant Hardman in the house?
If he is, you must him quickly rouse:
I left Brussels this morn at half-past two,
All in confusion I do assure you,
The French are advancing very fast,
Rouse up! make haste, or we shall be last:
You! get up quickly, and open the door,
Before the sun sets the cannon may roar.
Up I jumped, then rubbed my eyes,
But thought the man was telling lies;
What do you want, dragoon, with me?
Here is a letter, Sir, for you to see;
I took the letter, held it in my hand,
Then dressed, and quickly roused the band."

We are far, indeed, from placing the excellent, though, of course, less elevated prose sketches of Captain Kincaid, *au niveau*, with the lofty flights of this rhyming trooper; but in neither case would we advise the indulgent reader to dwell with a too hypercritical nicety upon the turn of a phrase, such as scampering away "like a shot out of a shovel," or to start aside, astonished and dismayed, on hearing the captain consign himself, or some other person or persons unknown, to the deuce, in very unequivocal terms, or announce, in a tone of jocular familiarity, the arrival of a brother officer in that place which the dean or we never mention 'to ears polite;' or, in short, any of

those little violations of prevailing taste, which might be reasonably objected to in the works of professed authors. With these limitations, however, we doubt not they will find the "Adventures in the Rifle Brigade," a pleasant, rollicking, slapdash sort of journal enough; witness the description of the field of Waterloo, during and after the battle:

"I had never yet heard of a battle in which every body was killed" (it is clear the author is scandalously ignorant of the well authenticated conflict of the Kilkenny cats); "but this seemed likely to be an exception, as all were going by turns. We got excessively impatient under the tame similitude of the latter part of the process, and burned with desire to have a last thrust at our respective *vis-à-vis*; for, however desperate our affairs were, we had still the satisfaction of seeing that theirs were worse. Sir John Lambert continued to stand as our support, at the head of three good old regiments, one dead (the twenty-seventh) and two living ones; and we took the liberty of soliciting him to aid our views; but the Duke's orders on that head were so very particular that the gallant general had no choice.

"Presently a cheer, which we knew to be British, commenced far to the right, and made every one prick up his ears;—it was Lord Wellington's long wished-for orders to advance; it gradually approached, growing louder as it grew near: we took it up by instinct—charged through the hedge down upon the old knoll, sending our adversaries flying at the point of the bayonet. Lord Wellington galloped up to us at the instant, and our men began to cheer him; but he called out "no cheering, my lads, but forward, and complete your victory!"

"This movement had carried us clear of the smoke; and, to people who had been for so many hours enveloped in darkness, in the midst of destruction, and naturally anxious about the result of the day, the scene which now met the eye conveyed a feeling of more exquisite gratification than can be conceived. It was a fine summer's evening, just before sunset. The French were flying in one confused mass. British lines were seen in close pursuit, and in admirable order, as far as the eye could reach to the right, while the plain to the left was filled with Prussians. The enemy made one last attempt at a stand on the rising ground to our right of La Belle Alliance; but a charge from General Adams's brigade again threw them into a state of confusion, which was now inextricable, and their ruin was complete. Artillery, baggage, and every thing belonging to them, fell into our hands. After pursuing them until dark, we halted about two miles beyond the field of battle, leaving the Prussians to follow up the victory.

"This was the last, the greatest, and the most uncomfortable heap of glory that I ever had a hand in, and may the deuce take me if I think that every body waited there to see the end of it, otherwise it never could have been so troublesome to those who did. We were, take us all in all, a very bad army. Our foreign auxiliaries, who constituted more than half of our numerical strength, with some exceptions, were little better than a raw militia—a body without a soul, or like an inflated pillow, that gives to the touch, and resumes its shape again when the pressure ceases—not to mention the many who went clear out of the field, and were only seen while plundering our baggage in their retreat.

"The field of battle, next morning, presented a frightful scene of carnage; it seemed as if the world had tumbled to pieces, and three-fourths of every thing destroyed in the wreck. The ground running parallel to the front of where we had stood was so thickly strewn with fallen men and horses, that it was difficult to step clear of their bodies; many of the former still alive, and imploring assistance, which it was not in our power to bestow.

"The usual salutation on meeting an acquaintance of another regiment after an action was to ask who had been hit? but on this occasion it was, 'Who's alive?' Meeting one, next morning, a very little fellow, I asked what had happened to them yesterday? 'I'll be hanged,' says he, 'if I know any thing at all about the matter, for I was all day trodden in the mud and galloped over by every scoundrel who had a horse; and, in short, that I only owe my existence to my insignificance.'

"Two of our men, on the morning of the 19th, lost their lives by a very melancholy accident. They were cutting up a captured ammunition-wagon for firewood, when one of their swords striking against a nail, sent a spark among the powder. When I looked in the direction of the explosion, I saw the two poor fellows about twenty or thirty feet up in the air. On falling to the ground, though lying on their backs or bellies, some extraordinary effort of nature, caused by the agony of the moment, made them spring from that position, five or six times, to the height of eight or ten feet, just as a fish does when thrown on the ground after being newly caught. It was so unlike a scene in real life that it was impossible to witness it without forgetting, for a moment, the horror of their situation.

"I ran to the spot along with others, and found that every stitch of clothes had been burnt off, and they were black as ink all over. They were still alive, and told us their names, otherwise we could not have recognized them; and, singular enough, they were able to walk off the ground with a little support, but died shortly after.

"Among other officers who fell at Waterloo, we lost one of the wildest youths that ever belonged to the service. He seemed to have a prophetic notion of his approaching end, for he repeatedly told us, in the early part of the morning, that he knew the devil would have him before night. I shall relate one anecdote of him, which occurred while we were in Spain. He went, by chance, to pass the day with two officers, quartered at a neighbouring village, who happened to be, that day, engaged to dine with the clergyman. Knowing their visitor's mischievous propensities, they were at first afraid to make him one of the party; but, after schooling him into a suitable propriety of behaviour, and exacting a promise of implicit obedience, they, at last, ventured to take him. On their arrival, the ceremony of introduction had just been gone through, and their host seated at an open window, when a favourite cat of his went purring about the young gentleman's boots, who, catching it by the tail, and giving it two or three preparatory swings round his head, sent it flying out at the window where the parson was sitting, who only escaped it by suddenly stooping. The only apology the youngster made for his conduct was, 'Egad, I think I astonished that fellow!' but whether

it was the cat or the parson he meant I never could learn.

"About twelve o'clock, on the day after the battle, we commenced our march for Paris. I shall, therefore, leave my readers at Waterloo, in the hope that, among the many stories of romance to which that and the other celebrated fields gave birth, the foregoing unsophisticated one of an eye-witness may not have been found altogether uninteresting."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, with Memoirs of his late Father and Friends, including numerous original Anecdotes and curious traits of the most celebrated characters that have flourished during the last eight years, vol. 2. pp. 551. London, Colburn and Bentley.

THOSE who remember the first volume of this book, published some two years ago, need only to be told that the second is continued in the same vein. The writer is one of that class for which Juvenal professes such profound contempt, a superannuated fencing master, the son of an Italian riding master. It is much the fashion of late years with such of the lower people as have had occasion in the way of business to come frequently in contact with the great, to publish all the loose idle gossip they have been able to collect. We cannot much commend either the morality or the liveliness of Angelo's book. The following short snuffy anecdote is one of the most amusing.

"Old Slaughter's coffee-house was my usual resort to read the papers. I once sat near Sir William Chere, who had a very long nose, and was playing at back-gammon with old General Brown; during this time Sir William, who was a snuff-taker, was continually using his snuff-box, seldom making the application necessary to keep pace with his indulgence. Observing him leaning continually over the table, being at the same time in a very bad humour with the game, the General said, "Sir William blow your nose." "Blow it yourself," was the reply, "'tis as near you as me!"

A Review of Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America, in 1827 and 1828. By an American, pp. 149. London; Kennett.

BROTHER JONATHAN is exceedingly wroth, and not without some cause, against Capt. B. Hall, for his censorious remarks upon American society and manners; yet he is not without wit in his anger, and humour too, though of a somewhat saturnine kind. We are not naturally disposed to be much in love with "the nasty guessing Yankees," but we confess we think, that much prejudiced and unkindly feeling has been very unnecessarily cherished by various publications from time to time on both sides of the Atlantic, tending to exasperate the feelings of the inhabitants of the respective countries. To irritate the mutual animosity of two nations, such as Great Britain and America, which have now no just ground of quarrel, is both foolish and wicked. In the present review, Captain Hall is shewn up partly enough for his numerous alleged misrepresentations, to the disadvantage of the States people, and calculated to increase the unkindly feelings here alluded to, and certainly rather a strong case is made out against his "Two Guinea Book on America."